

## Star Wars

### Wizard's RPG Stories

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Merr-Sonn

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The starport in Hedrett is the venue of choice for business trawlers, commercial transports, and merchandise of many different levels of legality. Cularin's Office of Peace and Security tries to stop the worst shipments of contraband, but items do get through. Can your players benefit from a sticky situation? Find out in our latest supplement to the Living Force campaign!

The starport in Hedrett is used mostly for commercial transport. It does not have the same level of facilities for interstellar travelers as other ports, and while private ships are docked there, most individuals use the much more elaborate and luxurious travel center in Gadrin. The smaller, less "refined" port in Hedrett is well supplied for industrial and cargo transporting, making it the stop of choice for business trawlers, commercial transports, and merchandise of many different levels of legality.

The Office of Peace and Security, the recognized and bonded police force for Cularin, is well aware of the contraband that comes in and out of Hedrett on a daily basis. The worst of these shipments are stopped regularly, but other items get through quite frequently. Some manage to avoid OPS, while others are eased through their passage by the exchange of a few credits or favors done in the shadows. It's the way business is done everywhere in the galaxy, and just another day on Cularin...

Rezzo had to sidestep quickly as the crate came trundling down the conveyor and nearly crashed right where he was standing. "Hey, watch it up there! You trying to kill me?" His antennae swiveled forward angrily. Even for a Rodian, he had a short temper, and this was the third "accident" on this trip alone. He was starting to get more paranoid than usual.

"You not watching where you are going is not my fault!" came the brusque answer from his partner above. There were days when their ship, the Vor-Teth, just wasn't large enough for both Rezzo and Drossh, the big Trandosha hurling cargo crates down the loading chute. As Rezzo dodged a second case, he decided this was one of those days.

"Look, Dro! You want to unload the ship by yourself? You're gonna crush me under one of these things if you don't slow down!"

A noncommittal grunt was his only answer, but the next crate came down at normal speed. It was good enough for Rezzo; he had been partnered with Drossh for five years now, and the scaly wretch had never apologized for anything in all that time. He was beginning to think Trando did not have a word for "sorry." If his experience was any indication, Trando did not have words for "bath" or "table manners," either.

An hour later, they were finished, and Drossh was down on the landing platform with Rezzo. They looked over the huge stack of crates and estimated their take off this run. "We can finally get the port side fresher fixed, Dro. You won't have to share mine any more." From the look of relief on the grim-faced Trandoshan, he was obviously as relieved as Rezzo with that concept. "So, what do you think we were hauling?"

Drossh shrugged and hefted a spanner, pointing to one of the crates. His intention was obvious, but it always made Rezzo nervous. "I don't know, Dro. The contract didn't say not to open them, but I prefer not to know. I mean, what if there's something really illegal in there? The kind of thing that, if we saw it, we would get shot for?"

The sound of a retaining bolt sheering off cut his sentence short. Rezzo snarled in frustration at his partner, who was already tearing off the second one from a crate. "Do you ever listen to a word I say?" The second bolt coming off answered him eloquently enough.

Curiosity got the better of Rezzo, and he came closer to get a look at whatever was inside the crate. Drossh popped the latch, opening it to reveal a black metal folding rack with a digital control on one side. Rezzo groaned. This was a bad idea, but there was no turning back now. He reached out, punched the extend button on the rack, and moved back.

The crate lurched slightly as the rack began to unfold, extending upward on well-oiled servos. In a few seconds, the rack was fully deployed and stood two full meters over the case itself. It contained more than a dozen weapons, each one factory new and still covered in transport wrapping.

"Frell," Rezzo said in quiet amazement. "These are fragging nice guns, Dro." He looked around, but his partner was not beside him any more. He was over by another case, opening it quickly. "Dro!"

It was too late. The second case was open, and another rack extended up out of its depths. "You big idiot! Our buyers are going to be extremely shrapped if they show up and we've busted open every crate! Now close that box!" His antennae were practically vibrating as he stormed over to the Trandoshan, one hand pulled back to smack some sense into the reptilian lug.

Drossh took down the biggest weapon from the rack and pulled the wrapping off it, much to the protest of his approaching partner. The weapon was a large firing tube with a case-mounted clip and a tracking scope on one side. By the look in the Trandoshan's eyes, it was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. He punched a button on the side of the gun, again to the loud protests of Rezzo, and ignored the feeble impact of his partner's little green hand on his thick, scaled arm.

The button caused the display of the weapon's tracking module to light up, but Drossh could not see what it said because the gun suddenly jerked out of his hands. Rezzo shook his head and put the big weapon back on the rack, chastising him for playing with it in the first place. Upset now, Drossh pushed his partner out of the way and took the gun back down. "Oh, no you don't!" came the Rodian's reply, and long emerald fingers wrapped around the weapon, trying desperately to wrench it free of his stronger grasp.

In the midst of their struggle, one of them hit another button on the gun. The display went completely red, and a plume of smoke vented from the side of the barrel. The weapon kicked once, and a rocket fired into the depths of the crate at their feet. Rezzo and Drossh had just enough time to look at each other and shout, "Frell!"

The Office of Peace and Security, Hedrett Precinct, would like to assure citizens that last week's detonation of Bays 13 and 14 of the Hedrett Public Transport Facility was in no way a terrorist act or related to the mounting tensions between planetary government and the Thaerean Navy. This was an isolated incident, and current investigation indicates it to be the result of negligence on the part of one or more now-deceased transport personnel.

Numerous items found on the scene of the accident have yet to be claimed. In the interest of getting the facility up and running once again, OPS has decided to place what cargo could be salvaged on sale at Tesker's Auction House in the warehouse district, sector 6, in Hedrett. Interested parties can pick up data lists of the goods in question at Tesker's, at any OPS facility in the Cularin system, and through the Cularin intra-net.